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In peace, he pass'd his rev'rend length of
 days,
 Nor courted, nor contemn'd the public
 praise:
 But memory, careful of the good man's
 fame,
 A civic wreath here twines around his name,
 And still, in death, that fond affection
 bears,
 Which grac'd his life, and crown'd his
 silver hairs
 THESE, the remains that burst the narrow
 room,
 LIVE, and come forth, from Campbell's
 humble tomb. X.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

THOU lazy Limmer ca'd the Muse,
 Why thus thy helpin' han' refuse;
 I've mind thee surely to abuse,
 For causin me sic thinkin'.
 When thou couldst a' my passions rouse,
 And gie me verses clinkin'.
 I've studied now this hour, and mair,
 Till baith my een, and head are sair,
 For twa three lines, wi' a' my lair,
 Backet wi' a' my trouble;
 When thou couldst gie us many mair,
 Tho' three times three were double.
 Your favourite Burns long sine is dead,
 And laid aside his oaten reed:
 Come then and raise me in his stead,
 For great is my ambition
 To rhyme as sweet to a' wha read,
 As Robin's good edition.
 Gin thee wouldst tak me for thy son,
 I'd gie the lads and lassies fun,
 And gar them laugh, as sure's a gun,
 Come try, you'll see me show it,
 But I maun quit whar I begun;
 A broken hearted Poet.

LA NYMPHE SOLITAIRE.

ZEPHYR'S TALE TO FLORA.

'T WAS in a wild sequester'd glade,
 Where human footsteps never trod,
 A wimpling brook in murmurs stray'd,
 Soft winding o'er the grassy sod.
 Beneath its bank a Nymph fair
 Had fram'd with curious art a bower,
 Had gemm'd it round with crystals rare,
 And deck'd it o'er with many a flower.
 Hers was the task, with gentle care
 To raise each drooping flowret's head,
 Or fan with dew the scorching air,
 That hover'd round her parent bed.
 Or when the last red tinge of light
 Still linger'd on the western sky,
 To tune her shell, shod oft del'ght,
 In tones of sweetest melody.

That potent shell, so sweet, so clear,
 Has often stopp'd my devious flight,
 Has drawn the lonely spirit near,
 And charm'd the shadowy train of night.
 But tangled brake, nor silent grove,
 Nor distant dell, nor hidden bower,
 Evade the piercing glance of Love,
 All, all, confess his subtle power.
 'Twas on a sultry summer's day,
 When scarce a murmur fill'd the gale,
 Save where from some lone, shady spray,
 The linnet told her plaintive tale.
 A mountain god, all faint with heat,
 Had wander'd to the streamlet's side,
 And charmed with the cool retreat,
 Had stopp'd to bathe beneath its tide.
 Each youthful grace adorn'd his mien,
 Flush'd in his cheek and fill'd his eye,
 And many an Oread nymph, in vain
 For him had breath'd a tender sigh.
 His amber locks in curling rings,
 Around his graceful shoulders hung,
 Light danc'd his starry-spangled wings,
 And thousand odours round them flung.
 Aside he throws his air-wove vest,
 When straight the Nymph rose to view,
 Soft glittering on whose snowy breast
 Shone trembling drops of pearly dew.
 Just then my foe*, the tyrant love,
 Came, on a sun-beam, flutt'ring by,
 Trembling I sought the distant grove,
 Nor longer dar'd to hover nigh.

L.

* Vide Alphieri's "quarrel of Zephyr and Love."

CANZONET.

ONE summer's even as Fancy sat,
 In Tempé's sunny vale,
 The wood nymphs gather'd round her seat,
 To hear her witching tale.
 Such soul-entrancing words she spoke,
 That love stole softly nigh,
 And pity peep'd from forth an oak,
 And grief forgot to sigh.
 The timid Nymphs cluster'd round,
 And Hope, delusive maid,
 With opening dewy rose-buds crown'd,
 Sat smiling in the shade.
 Love wond'ring, heard the magic strain,
 And threw his arrows down,
 To thee, he cried, I owe my reign,
 From thee I hold my crown.

L.

THE SECOND IDYLLION OF BION,

IMITATED.

A SPORTIVE boy one morning stray'd,
 With bow in hand across the glade,

In quest of feather'd game,
When Cupid chancing to alight,
To plume his wings and ease his flight,
Invites the archer's aim.

He views the God with eager eyes,
Already marks him as his prize,
And bends his yielding bow;
But vainly flies the shaft....for still
The wary urchin mocks his skill,
And 'scapes the threat'ned blow.

Again he tries, and yet again,
But all his efforts are in vain,
Unheeded falls each dart;
At length he breaks his bow thro' rage,
And quits the grove to seek the sage,
From whom he learn'd the art.

"Vainly," he cries, "you've made me
toil,

If such a bird as this can foil,
My art so dearly bought;
See where he sits on yonder tree,
And claps his wings exultingly,
And sets us both at naught."

The elder smil'd—"tho' now, my son,
Yon bird appears your shafts to shun,
Yet set your mind at rest;
When a few fleeting years have pass'd,
Too soon he'll come, unwish'd, unask'd,
And nestle in your breast."

HELLAS.

SONNET BY MILTON, ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND MR. CYRIAC
SKINNER.

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

CYRIAC, this three-year's day, these
eyes, though clear,
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of sight their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth day appear,
Or sun, or moon, or star throughout the
year,
Or man or woman; yet I argue not

Against heav'n's hand or will, nor 'bate
one jot,
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and
steer,
Right onward. What supports me dost
thou ask?
The conscience (friend) to have lost them
overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task!
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through this
word's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no other
guide.

SELECT POETRY.

ODE OF HAFIZ THE PERSIAN.

THE lute, in softly breathing strains,
Warbled one night of lover's woe,
(May he who sung of other's pains,
Never those pains, that anguish know.)
My bosom burn'd with fierce desire,
Each object vanish'd from my view,
Each limb confess'd the latent fire,
And spoke the sad description true.
Oh! sure that maid my fate has seal'd,
Whose tresses boast the light of day,
Whose dimpled cheek a ray reveal'd,
To drive the deepest gloom away.
Soon as my transports she beheld,
She fill'd my thirsty goblet up;
Fair maid, my torment you've dispell'd
Such virtue claims the magic cup.
May heav'n preserve your gentle heart,
From every sorrow mortals know;
What joys this world can here impart,
And what the next, may each bestow.
But Hafiz, when he drains the bowl,
And paints his transports as they fly,
Looks down on riches and controul,
The gems of KAUS, the throne of KY.*

* Ky Kaus and Ky Khosroo, were ancient kings
of Persia.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A History of the early part of the Reign
of James the Second, by the Right
Hon. C. J. Fox, 4to. Miller, London.*
....ex pede Herculem.

THERE is, we think, somewhat of
the magnanimity characteristic
of the man, displayed by Mr. Fox,
an orator of acknowledged and as-
sured eminence, commencing, at a

comparatively late period of life, au-
thor and historian. A man more am-
bitious of personal fame, and less de-
voted to feelings of public duty,
would, probably, have sat in his el-
bow chair, cautiously calculating the
literary profit and loss of the adven-
ture. He would have pondered upon
many examples, where an anxiously